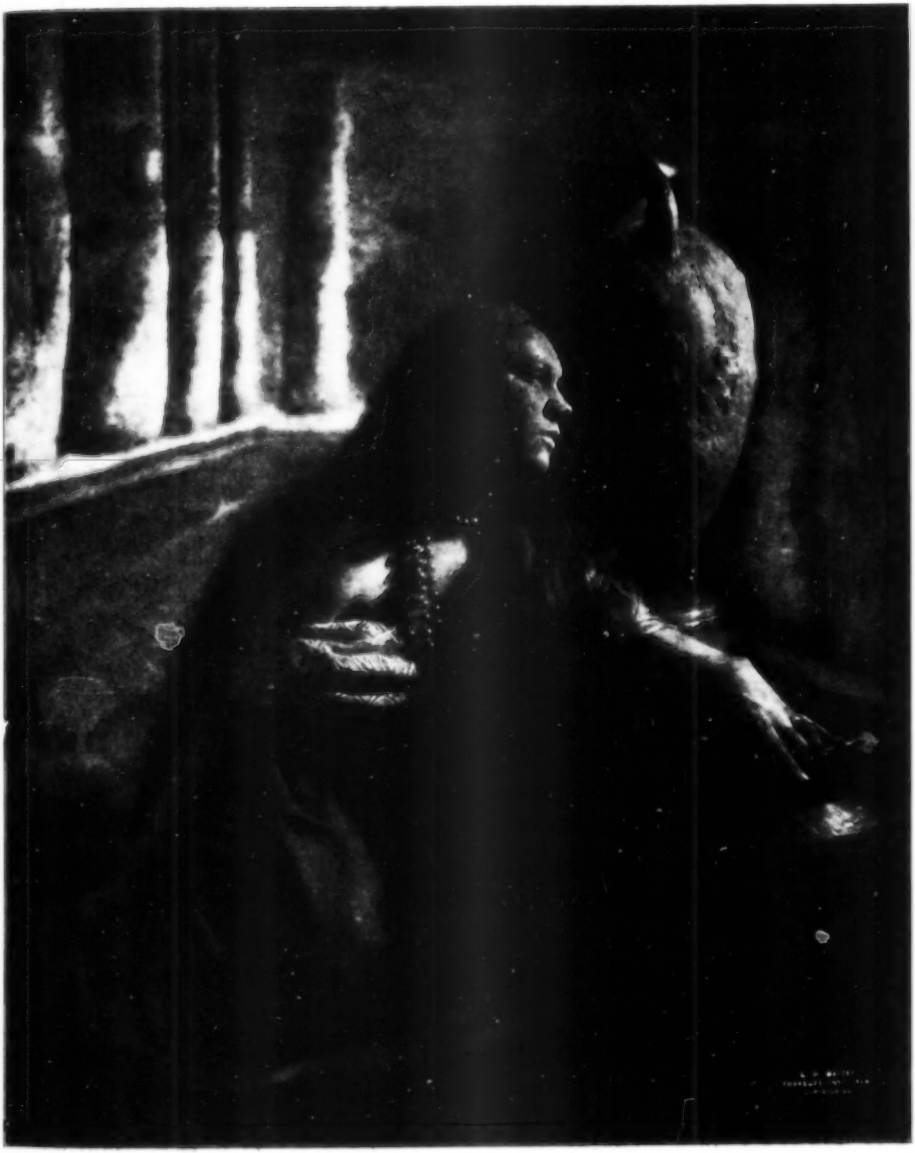
The CRISIS



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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 26 No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1923 Whole No. 155

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After a Photograph, posed by C. M. Battey.

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The October CRISIS is our annual children's number; but send us no more pictures: we already have more than we can use, thanks to our loving friends.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 26. No. 5 SEPTEMBER, 1923 Whole No. 155

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

THE PRESIDENT

GOD Rest the Soul of Warren Harding. He was not a great man but he was something just as rare—a gentleman; a man gently bred, good and kind and yearning for peace. If there ran in his veins any bit of the blood of Africa, America should be proud of it, for it not only justifies the destiny of this conglomerate democracy but it would explain much of the spirit of sympathy and forgiveness in the heart of this over-worked servant of the people.

N. A. A. C. P.

THE N. A. A. C. P. is meeting today in its Fourteenth Annual conference. It stands without peer as the greatest fighting machine ever organized by black America. Its appeal is backed by deeds not words. It has

Stopped residential segregation
Outlawed the "Grandfather Clause"
Scotched Peonage in Arkansas
Halted extradition to the South
Fought Lynching
Exposed the Haitian Scandal
Exposed the Ku Klux Klan
Held two Pan-African Congresses
Published and sold five million copies of THE CRISIS.

This is not theory—it is not promise—it is fact. Fourteen years full of facts—of faithful, intelligent, adequately paid leadership. Do you want such an organization? Give it $50,000 for next year's work and 50,000 new CRISIS subscribers.

A BUSINESS EXPOSITION

THE colored Association of Trade and Commerce of New York City, led by Messrs. Roach and Willis have held an eight day exposition of Negro business enterprises. There were 59 exhibitors including a department store, a furniture company, several magazines and newspapers, jewelry, electricians, plumbers, milliners, artificial flowers, a business school, a steam laundry, a bakery, a shirt hospital, a manufacturing casket company and many efforts for social uplift. It was a singularly creditable effort, well decorated, systematic and business like. It was a "first annual" effort and points a wide way to all colored communities.

And yet the National Business League, blind to such practical demonstrations of possible usefulness continues to meet and talk and talk and talk.

MR. UNDERWOOD

WE welcome with transports of unalloyed joy the candidacy of Oscar Underwood for the presidency of the United States. We foresee a campaign entirely to our heart's desire. Of course Mr. Underwood would prefer to confine the issues of the campaign to Europe. But we shall insist on something nearer. Alabama, in fact, is entirely to our liking. We want to discuss several pressing questions with Mr. Oscar Underwood, LL.D. (Harvard) between now and next voting day:

1. Why it is that only 21 per cent

of the persons 21 years of age and over actually vote in Alabama.

2. Why it takes only 24,107 votes to elect a United States representative from Alabama and 67,338 to elect one from New York.

3. Why Alabama retains the convict lease system.

4. Why Alabama spends $20.85 apiece for white school children and $6.09 for Negroes.

5. Why Mr. Underwood who is solicitous because "more than one-third of the people of the nation" who are "in the South" may not be properly represented, is not equally solicitous about the black third of the South's population which is disfranchised.

6. And finally—Tuskegee.

With Ford and Underwood this is surely going to be a "gra-nd and glo-rious" campaign!

THE VICTORY AT SPRINGFIELD

THE scotching of the "Jim Crow" school at Springfield, Ohio, is a victory that must not be forgotten because of its many characteristic features. Springfield is in southern Ohio and is surrounded by towns with "Jim Crow" schools. Near it is Wilberforce University nearly three-quarters of a century old and a segregated state school. In Springfield few if any colored teachers had ever been appointed to the public schools. Colored leaders came forward and said: "We need colored teachers. Our children should get better attention." The Board replied by appointing seventeen colored teachers, but assigning them not to the general system but to a single school where they proposed to segregate colored pupils. Immediately the colored city was in arms and it fought for two years against this plan. It met, talked, and paraded and finally when the school was opened it picketed the school and boycotted it and some of the more headstrong sought to burn it. Finally the Board of Education surrendered.

This is the way to fight segregation. Springfield was not diverted into an attack upon Wilberforce. It did not allow the main object of its attack, the white Board of Education, to be replaced by colored victims. It was tempted to crucify the colored teacher which was wrong, and to commit arson which was criminal. But on the whole it withstood these temptations.

It won and deserved to win.

FLORIDA

"I AM writing to you to-day to ask you for some information regarding transportation to Liberia, Africa. I want to know if there is any free transportation whereby one can go from here over there. If so, please let me know. Also please let me know just how I could get over there. There are several persons who desire to go over there.

"I am awaiting your reply."

My dear Sir:—

You might write the American Colonization Society. They have, I believe, a fund to help migration to Liberia.

I realize why the colored folk of Lakeland have turned their eyes toward some land of refuge, but do not think of migrating to Africa unless: (1) You know exactly where you are going; whether you will be welcome; and how you are going to make a living. (2) Unless you have capital. You should have at least $1,000 above your expenses, and $5,000 would be better. (3) Do not go under any circumstances if you are not young, strong and healthy.

Africa is an immense land, three times the size of these vast United States. It has all kinds of climate, all sorts of government and conditions of society. It is under the almost ab-

solute military control of white European nations except in the case of Liberia.

Liberia welcomes immigrants but only immigrants of a certain sort. She has no place for empty-handed laborers. There are more laborers in Africa to-day than can be profitably put to work. She has no place for sick people, or old people or orators or agitators. She wants men with capital, skill, education and health. Such men, if they have grit and determination and can withstand the trying climate may, if they work hard, succeed—no others can.

THE CRUSADERS

ONE thing we may not forget: the largest single gift ever made to the N. A. A. C. P.—the gift beside which all other donations are relatively insignificant, is the Thirteen Thousand Dollars raised and handed over in cash by Mary B. Talbert and the women who stood by her. They worked six months without a cent of salary, under furious, open criticism and with veiled and underhanded opposition. They raised over Fifteen Thousand Dollars but nearly Two Thousand is yet being withheld by selfish if not dishonest agents. Still $13,207.15 has been paid in and given over to the anti-lynching work of the N. A. A. C. P. All hail the Anti-Lynching Crusaders!

THE TURK

THE Lausanne treaty is the greatest triumph of Asia over European aggression since the Russo-Japanese war. Europe demanded of Turkey:

1. The right (under the treaties called "Capitulations") to try European offenders against Turkish law in European courts
2. Huge indemnities and reparations arising out of European war claims
3. Economic concessions especially in oil lands
4. "Protection" for minorities, and the surrender of Constantinople.

Number one is nothing more than a method of turning loose bandits in a foreign country with leave to do as they please without great fear of punishment. Number two was ridiculous to ask of a victorious nation which had endured more suffering than it had inflicted. Number three is the good old Christian method of spoiling the "heathen". But number four was the triumph of hypocrisy. Imagine England with its centuries of Irish history and America with its lynching asking Turkey to promise them to be good to Armenians!

Europe blustered and Curzon made a dramatic return to England after reading the outlawed Turk a high and mighty lecture; and then on July 24th the treaty was signed and:

1. "Capitulations" were abolished forever.
2. The question of reparations and concessions was dropped or left to further negotiations with the real power in Turkey's hands.
3. Constantinople goes to the Turks and the Armenians are left without European license to plot against Turkish sovereignty.

PUBLICITY

SOMETIME ago, the CRISIS published an appeal from Fresno, California. They wanted a colored physician. As a result, some fifty letters were received and the man who got the job hailed from Texas. He did not wait to write, but took the train and performed his first operation in Fresno on the day the Editor lectured there.

In the June, 1922, number of the CRISIS, we published an appeal from John Francique, a Granadian boy who had landed destitute in Haiti and appealed for means to escape. Through

the publication of that letter, not only were funds sent to Francique and his mother for relief, but through the generosity of a reader, he was furnished passage to America and a bond for his self-support given. He is now happily at work in New York City.

We are encouraged therefore to publish the following additional appeal which comes from out of Russia, published in the "Izvestiya" of Moscow, March 25th, 1923. It says:

"A grandson of Alexander S. Pushkin, Gregory A. Pushkin, with his family of a wife and four small children, is living in Petrograd in extremely poor circumstances. The only bread-winner is the wife, who is employed as a teacher and is paid a miserable salary. G. A. Pushkin preserved the library of his great ancester and in 1917 donated it to the Pushkin House of the Academy of Sciences. The administration of the academic theatres has opened a subscription for the benefit of the starving grandson of Pushkin."

The gentleman who sends us this clipping adds:

"Now, I don't think I have to tell you that Pushkin, the great-grandson of the Negro General Hannibal of Peter I (the Great), is rated among the greatest poets of Russia,—some think he was the greatest poet. He was the founder of the realistic school in Russian fiction, antedating the English masters of the same school. There is a monument to him in the very heart of Moscow, erected in 1880. The principal address at the dedication of the monument was delivered by Dostoyevsky.

"Some 17 years ago while in Odessa, I happened to come across a photograph from a picture of Pushkin at the age of 14,—it was a typical face of a colored boy, such as you see them anywhere in America. Of course, in Russia it was not a disqualification, and Pushkin was a member of the Russian aristocracy and even held a court title under Nicholas 1.

"The reason I am encroaching upon your time with these details is that I think it would be desirable that the colored people of America should respond to the appeal of the administration of the academic theatres of Russia and subscribe for the relief of Pushkin's grandson."

THE EXODUS

WE have carefully read a sheaf of white Southern papers and gleaned the following facts concerning the continued migration of Negroes:

1. No Negroes are leaving the South save a few of the ne'er-do-well floaters.

Negroes are leaving daily by the tens of thousands.

2. The South is glad to see them go.

The South is going to stop their going.

3. Cotton and Southern agriculture are threatened with ruin.

The migration is the best thing for the South.

4. The Negro loves the South.

The South has lynched 4000 Negroes and will lynch others when it pleases.

We are certainly glad to get this clear outline of fact on which to base our own conclusions.

IN ARKANSAS

"IN some instances there is a very marked disparity between the per capita expenditures for white pupils and for colored. In Helena, for example, the figures are $68.12 and $12.60; in Magnolia, $27.44 and $4.85. It may be said in behalf of Helena that, while the disparity between the amounts is great, the per capita expenditures for Negro pupils is fairly reasonable in amount. But this cannot be said of Wynne, Magnolia, and Monticello, and a number of other towns in the list."

From page 65 of a survey of the Public School System of Arkansas made by the U. S. Commissioner of Education.

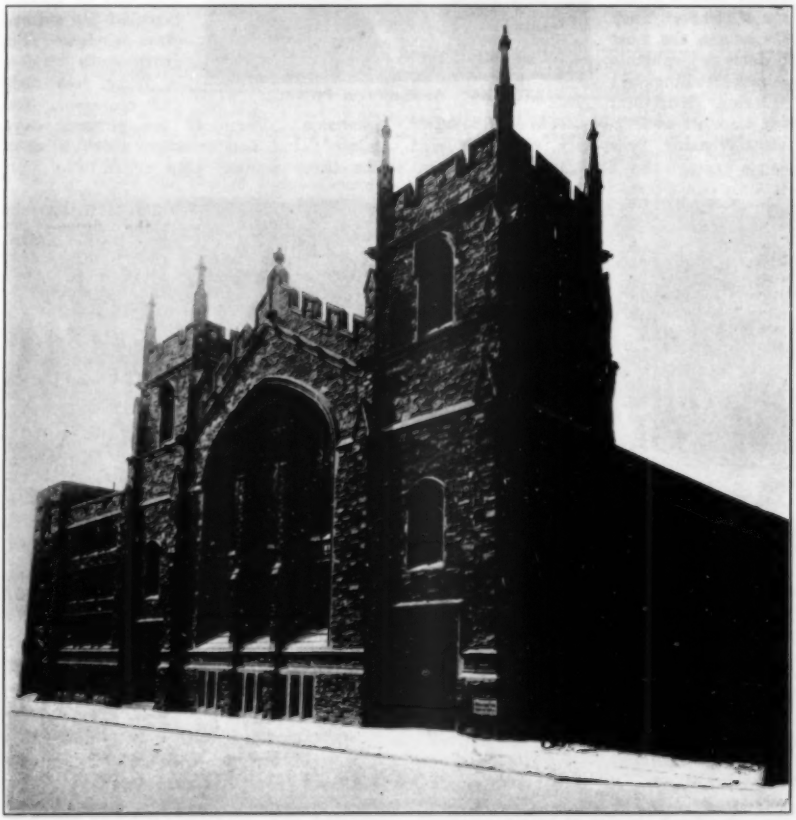
"Fairly reasonable"! $68.12 and $12.60! And the proposed Sterling-Towner bill to aid National education proceeds to say: "All funds apportioned to a State to equalize educational opportunities shall be distributed and administered in accordance with the laws of said State *in like manner as the funds provided by State and local authorities for the same purpose, and the State and local educational authorities of said State shall determine the courses of study, plans and methods for carrying out the purposes of this section within said State in accordance with the laws thereof*"!

THE ABYSSINIAN CHURCH OF NEW YORK

ONE of the greatest signs of progress among colored Americans has been their realization that the church should be the center not only of religious but also of social and community activities. The new buildings of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York have been constructed with this idea in mind.

Abyssinian Church was organized 115 years ago and is the third oldest Baptist Church in America. Its first edifice was on Worth Street in New York, a far cry from its present location in Harlem. Fifteen ministers have presided over it and it boasts a long line of progressive leaders and faithful communicants. To-day its membership is nearly 4,000.

While it is true that this organization has always been outstanding among Negro Churches, it began to gain new prominence about fifteen years ago when the Rev. A. Clayton Powell came from New Haven, Connecticut, to assume its pastorate. This pastor, a graduate of Virginia Union University



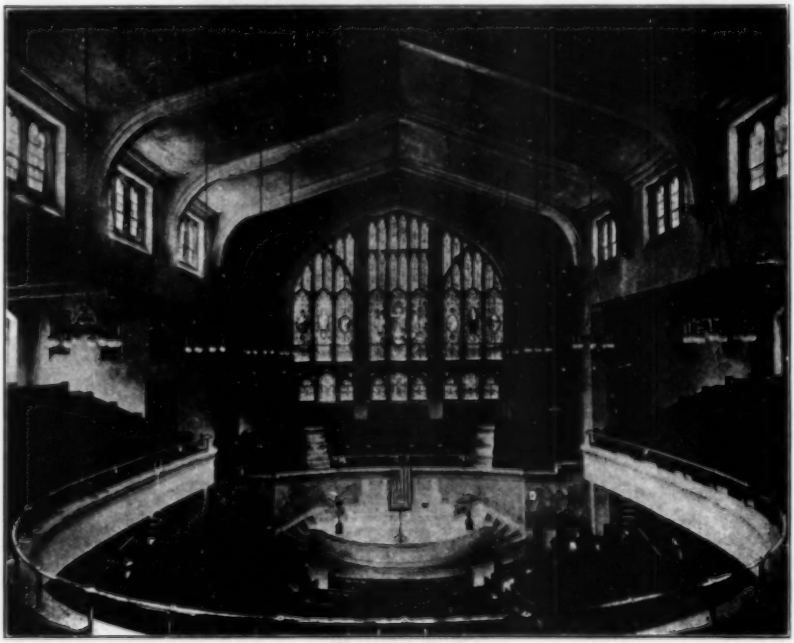
THE ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH, WEST 138TH STREET, NEW YORK

and of Yale Divinity School has always had a great interest in social problems and he has known how to introduce a larger vision of social service into the administration of his church. The new Abyssinian Church and Community House are the outgrowth of this vision.

THE REV. A. CLAYTON POWELL

The buildings are situated on 138th Street with a frontage of 150 feet. They are among the most modern and valuable church holdings in America. Their total cost amounts to $325,000. It is significant of the increasing prosperity among colored people to learn that $265,000 of this amount was raised and paid before the church was dedicated.

The buildings are Gothic and Tudor in design, constructed of New York stone, trimmed with terra cotta, and make a striking appearance. The main auditorium has a seating capacity of 2000 and the lecture room, 1000. The pulpit platform is made of Italian marble. The Castle Company of London executed the stained glass windows. The great south window is forty feet wide and represents The Ascension. Three of the pictures were painted in London for this window. The three manual pipe organ was built



THE AUDITORIUM

by the M. P. Moller Company of Hagarstown, Md., especially for this church and is one of the largest and most modern of its kind. It is really four organs in one, namely, the great, the swell, the choir, and pedal organs, and has twenty-one chimes. The Dedicatory Recital was given by Melville Charlton, Monday evening, June 11th. It is estimated that 2500 people sat and stood for two hours during the Recital and that more than 1000 failed to gain admittance.

The Community House has gymnasium, shower baths, reading rooms, rooms for teaching cooking and sewing, a model apartment and roof garden. The New York Urban League, the New York Tuberculosis Society, and Henry Street Settlement Nurses are occupying rooms in the Community House until September 15th of this year. At that time the church plans to form classes in Domestic Science, Christian Education, Stenography and Typewriting, Civil Government, Physical and Beauty Culture. The program also provides for a Visiting Nurse and an Employment Bureau.

On Sunday, June 17th, after a long and impressive dedication, the church was formally thrown open to serve the needs of the community.

Double Trouble

A Story

JESSIE FAUSET

(Angélique Murray, a school-girl of charming personality not allowed to have "company" is meeting young Malory Fordham clandestinely every day after school. Fordham's family is one of the best of Edendale while Angélique's is somewhat clouded the more so because her beautiful pensive cousin, Laurentine, is known to be the illegitimate child of Aunt Sal, and of Ralph Courtney, formerly her white owner. Laurentine dislikes Angélique intensely, but Angélique is sorry for her and when Laurentine's white half sisters come to see her Angélique is always doubly sympathetic. There is a mystery about Angélique too, but the girl is not aware of this except to notice that people shun her and that the boys are sometimes rude. One boy, Asshur Judson, however, who used to live in Edendale writes her constantly urging her to "be good, to be decent" and some day he'll come for her. Angélique reads his last letter and then goes to bed to dream that she is painfully but futilely pursuing Malory Fordham.)

II

EDENDALE, like many another Jersey town, as well as all Gaul, was divided into three parts. In one section, the prettiest from a natural point of view, lived Italians, Polacks and Hungarians who had drifted in as laborers. In another section, elegant and cultivated, dwelt a wealthy and leisure class of whites, men of affairs, commuters, having big business interests in Philadelphia, Trenton, Newark and even New York. Occupying the traditional middle ground were Jews, small tradesmen, country lawyers and a large group of colored people ranging in profession from Phil Baltimore, successful ash-contractor to the equally successful physician, Dr. Thompson. This last group was rather closely connected with the wealthy white group, having in far preceding generations, dwelt with them as slaves or more recently as houseservants. Sometimes as in the case of Aunt Sal Fletcher and the Courtneys, who following the Civil War, had drifted into Jersey from Delaware, they had served in both capacities.

Malory and Angélique came to know the foreign quarters well. Here on the old Hopewell Road beginning nowhere and going nowhither they were surest of escaping the eye of a too vigilant colored townsman as well as that of the occasional white customer for whom the girl's cousin sewed. Malory was in no danger from a possibility like this last for the Fordhams on the maternal side had been small but independent householders for nearly a century. Even now Mrs. Fordham lived on a small income which came partly from her father's legacy, partly from the sale of produce from a really good truck-farm. Her husband had showed a tendency to dissipate this income but he had died before he had crippled it too sorely. Malory was determined to have more money when he grew older, money which he would obtain by his own methods. He never meant to ask his family for anything. The thought of a possible contro-

versy with the invincible Gracie turned him sick.

He would be an engineer, how or where he did not know. But there would be plenty of money for him and Angélique. Already all his dreams included Angélique. He had not told her but he loved her fervently with an ardor excelling ordinary passion, for his included gratitude, a rapt consciousness of the miracle which daily she wrought for him in the business of living. She was so vivid, so joyous, so generous, so much what he would wish to be that almost it was as though she were his very self. Every day he warmed his hands at that fire which she alone could create for him.

He it was who fought so keenly against the clandestine nature of their meetings. Not so Angélique. This child so soon, so tragically to be transformed into a woman, was still a romantic, dreaming girl. Half the joy of this new experience lay in its secrecy. This was fun, great fun, to run counter to imperious, unhappy Laurentine, to know that while her cousin endured the condescending visit of the son of the ash-contractor in the hope that some day, somehow she might receive the son of the colored physician, she herself was the eagerly and respectfully chosen of the son of the first colored family in the county. This was nectar and ambrosia, their taste enhanced by secrecy.

But Malory hated it. He had not told his family about the girl because clearly for some fool reason they were prejudiced against her, and as for Angélique's family—no males allowed. Hence this impasse. But he wanted like many another fond lover to acquaint others with his treasure, to show off not only this unparalleled gem, but himself too. For in her presence he himself shone, he became witty, his shyness vanished. The Methodist Sunday School picnic was to be held the first week in June. His sisters never went; proud Laurentine would not think of attending. He told Angélique that he would take her.

"Wonderful!" she breathed. She had a white dress with red ribbons.

They met on that memorable day, rather late. Laurentine could not keep Angélique from attending the picnic, but she could make her late; she could make her feel the exquisite torture which envelops a young girl who has to enter alone and unattended the presence of a crowd of watchful acquaintances. Angélique inwardly unperturbed,—she knew Malory would wait for her forever,—outwardly greatly chafing, enjoyed her cousin's barely concealed satisfaction at her pretended discomfiture. With a blithe indifference she went from task to task, from chore to chore. "Greek tragedy," she whispered gaily into the ear of Marcus, an adored black kitten.

Malory did not mind her lateness. Indeed he was glad of it. So much the more conspicuous their entrance to the grounds. As it chanced, practically the whole party was in or around the large pavilion grouped there to receive instructions from Mrs. Evie Thompson who had charge of the picnic. A great church-worker, Mrs. Evie. When the two arrived the place was in an uproar, Mrs. Evie, balanced perilously on a stool tried to out talk the noise. Presently she realized that her voice was unnecessarily loud, the sea of black, yellow, and of white faces had ebbed into quiet but not because of her. Malory just outside the wide entrance, in the act of helping Angélique up the rustic steps caught that same fleeting shadow of horror and dismay, that shadow which he had marked on the faces of his household, rippling like a wave over the faces of the crowd, touching for a second Mrs. Thompson's face and vanishing. Appalled, bewildered, he stood still.

Mrs. Thompson rushed to them. "You just happened to meet Angélique, Malory? You—you dídn't bring her?" Her voice was low but anxious.

"Of course I brought her," he replied testily. What possessed these staring people? "Why shouldn't I bring her?"

"Why not indeed?" soothed Mrs. Thompson. She herself came from a "best family" in some nearby big city. "It's such luck that's all. I was wishing for Angélique. She's such a help at a time like this, so skilful. I want her to help me cut sandwiches."

Malory, rather sulkily accepting this, allowed his guest to be spirited away to exercise this skill. The crowd drawing a vast, multi-throated breath dispersed. Mrs. Thompson was anything but skilful herself. In the course of the afternoon she cut her assistant's hand. "I don't anticipate any infection," she remarked, peering at the small wound with an oddly unrepentant air.

"but you'd better come home with me and let Doctor dress it. Sorry I can't invite you too Malory, but there's hardly room in the buggy for four. Evie and I are both fat."

Malory passed a night of angry sleeplessness. "I don't know what to think of these people," he told Angelique when they met the next day. "Do you know what I want you to do? You come home with me now and meet my mother and sisters. When they get to know you, they'll like you too and I know they can make these others step around." It was the first time he had betrayed any consciousness of the Fordham social standing.

Angélique, nothing loth, agreed with him. She too had thought Mrs. Thompson extraordinary the day before, but she had not seen as Malory had that strange shadowy expression of horror. And in any case would have had no former memory to emphasize it.

The two moved joyously up the tree-lined street, Malory experiencing his usual happy reaction to Angélique's buoyancy. Nothing would ever completely destroy her gay equanimity he thought, feeling his troubled young spirit relax. There was no one like her he knew. His people, even Gracie, must love her. He was living at this time in the last years of the nineties and so was given to much reading of Tennyson. Angélique made him think of the Miller's daughter, who had "grown so dear, so dear". What of life and youth and cheerfulness would she not introduce into his drab household, musty with old memories, inexplicably tainted with the dessication of some ancient imperishable grief!

At the corner of the street he took her arm. They would march into the house bravely and he would say, "Mother this is Angélique whom I love. I want you to love her too; you will when you know her." He perceived as he opened the gate that Angélique was nervous, frightened. Timidity was in her such an unusual thing that he felt a new wave of tenderness rising within him. On the porch just before he touched the knob of the screen door he laid his hand on hers.

"Don't be frightened," he murmured.

"Look," she returned faintly.

He spun about and saw pressed against the window-pane a face, the small, brown face of his sister Gracie. In the background above her shoulder hovered the head of the oldest girl Reba, her body so completely hidden behind Gracie's that for a second, it seemed to him fantastically, her head swung suspended in space. But only for a second did he think this, so immediately was his attention drawn, riveted to the look of horror, of hatred, of pity which was frozen, seared on the faces of his sisters.

"For God's sake, what is it?" he cried.

Gracie's hands made a slight outward movement toward Angélique, a warding off motion of faintness and disgust such as one might make involuntarily towards a snake.

"I'm going in; come Angélique," the boy said in exasperation. "Has the whole world gone crazy?"

Before he could open the door Reba appeared, that expression still on her face, like a fine veil blurring out her features. Would it remain there forever he wondered.

"You can't bring her in Malory, you mustn't."

"Why mustn't I? What are you talking about?" Strange oaths rose to his lips. "What's the matter with her?" He started to pull the door from his sister's grasp when Gracie came, pushed the door open and stepped out on the porch beside him.

"Oh Malory you must send her away! Come in and I'll tell you." She burst into tears.

Gracie his tyrant, his arch-enemy weeping! That startled him far more than that inexplicable look. The foundations of the world were tottering. He turned to his trembling companion. "Go home, Angel," he bade her tenderly. "Meet me tomorrow and we'll fix all this up." He watched her waver down the porch-steps then turned to his sisters:

"Now girls?"

Together they got him into the house and told him. . . .

III

Angélique said to herself, "I'll ask Aunt Sal,—Cousin Laurentine,—but what could they know about it? No I'll wait for Malory. Can I have the leprosy I wonder?" She went home, stripped and peered a long time in the mirror at her delicate, yellow body.

Next afternoon near the corner of Cedarwood and Tenth she untied and retied her shoes twenty times. Malory did not come. She shook out bushels of imaginary dust. He had not come, was never coming.

At the end of an hour she went to the corner and peered down Tenth Street. Yes—no—yes it was he coming slowly, slowly down the steps of the Boys' High School. Perhaps he was sick; when he saw her, he would be better. . . . He did not look in her direction; without so much as turning his head he came down the steps and started due west. Cedarwood Street lay east.

Without a second's hesitation she followed him. He was turning now out of Tenth north on Wheaton Avenue. After all you could go this way to the old Hopewell Road. Perhaps he had meant for her to meet him there. A block behind him, she saw him turn from Wheaton into the narrow footpath that later broadened into Hopewell Road. Yes, that was what he meant. She began to run then feeling something vaguely familiar about the act. On Hopewell Road she gained on him, called his name, "Malory, oh Malory" He turned around an instant, shading his eyes from the golden June sunlight to make sure and spinning back began to run, almost to leap, away from her.

"MALORY," SHE BESOUGHT PITIFULLY

Bewildered, horrified, she plodded behind, leaving little clouds of white dust spiraling up after her footsteps. As she ran she realized that he was fleeing from her in earnest; this was no game, no lover's playfulness.

He tripped over a tree-root, fell, reeled to his feet and, breathless, found her upon him. She knew that this was her dream but even so she was unprepared for the face he turned upon her, a face with horrid, staring eyes, with awful gaping lips, the face of a Greek tragic mask!

She came close to him. "Malory," she besought pitifully. Her hand moved out to touch his arm.

"Don't come near me!" His breath came whistling from his ghastly lips. "Don't touch me!" He broke into terrible weeping. "You're my sister,—my sister!" He raised tragic arms to the careless sky. "Oh God how could you! I loved her, I wanted to marry her,—and she's my sister!"

. . . . . .

To proud Laurentine sitting in haughty dejection in the littered sewing-room, fingering a dog-eared postcard from Niagara Falls came the not unwelcome vision of her stricken cousin swaying, stumbling toward her.

"Laurentine, tell me! I saw Malory, Mal-

ory Fordham; he says,—he says I'm his sister. How can that be? Oh Laurentine be kind to me, tell me it isn't true!" She would have thrown herself about the older woman's neck.

Inflexible arms held her off, pushed her down. "So you've found it out have you? You sailing about me with your pitying ways and your highty-tighty manner. Sorry for Cousin Laurentine,—weren't you?—because her father was white and her mother wasn't married to him. But my mother couldn't help it. She had been a slave until she became a woman and she carried a slave's traditions into freedom.

"But her sister, your mother," the low, hating voice went on, "whom my mother had shielded and guarded, to whom she held up herself and me—me—" she struck her proud breast—"as horrible examples,—your mother betrayed Mrs. Fordham, a woman of her own race who had been kind to her, and ran away with her husband." She spurned the grovelling girl with a disdainful foot. "Stop snivelling. Did you ever see me cry? No and you never will."

Angélique asked irrelevantly: "Why do you hate me so? I should think you'd pity me."

Her cousin fingered the postcard. "Look at me." She rose in her trailing red dress. "Young, beautiful, educated,—and nobody wants me, nobody who is anybody will have me. The ash-contractor's son offers,—not asks,—to marry me. Mr. Deaver," she looked long at the postcard, "liked me, wrote me,—once,—"

"Why did he stop?" Angélique asked in all innocence.

Laurentine flashed on her. "Because of you. You little fool, because of you! Must I say it again? Because my mother was the victim of slavery. People looked at me when I was a little girl; they used to say: 'Her mother couldn't help it, and she is beautiful.' They would have forgotten all about it. Oh why did your mother have to bring you home to us! Now they see you and they say: 'What! And her mother too! A colored man this time. Broke up a home. No excuse for that. Bad blood there. Best leave them alone.'"

She looked at Angélique with a furious, mounting hatred. "Well you'll know all about it too. Wait a few years longer. You'll never be as beautiful as I, but you'll be pretty. And you'll sit and watch the years go by, and dread to look in your mirror for fear of what you'll find there. And at night you'll curse God,—but pshaw you won't,—" she broke off scornfully, "you'll only cry—"

Angélique crept up to her room to contemplate a future like Laurentine's.

Hours later Aunt Sal come in, her inscrutable dark face showing a blurred patch against the grey of the room. In her hand something gleamed whitely.

"Thought you might want yore letter," she said in her emotionless, husky voice.

Her letter, her letter from Asshur! Her letter that would reiterate: "Be a good kid and I'll come for you. . . ."

She seized it and fell half-fainting in the old woman's arms. "Oh Asshur I'll be good, I'll be good! Oh Aunt Sal, help me, keep me. . . ."

A REVIEW OF FOUR BOOKS

ABRAM L. HARRIS, ROBERT BAGNALL, LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL, JOSEPH GOULD

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The Black Man's Place in South Africa. By Peter Nielsen. Juta and Company, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Johannesburg.

Bert Williams, Son of Laughter, By Mabel Rowland—The English Crafters, New York.

The Tide Comes In. By Clement Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

The Negro in Our History. By Carter Godwin Woodson. The Associated Publishers, Washington, D. C.

THIS book is the result of a reflection by the author upon his thirty years experience with the Bantu and other African peoples. Its possession of current racial sentimentality is almost nil. As a layman's production "The Black Man's Place in South Africa" is an able refutation of Gobinism and the anthropological persiflage of the Stoddards and Grants.

In this book Mr. Nielsen exhibits the

peculiar faculty lacking in so many writers on race questions of penetrating beneath white man's civilizational coating and the externalities of crude African culture to find the "world ground" of humanity. Despite other criticisms which automatically follow the reading of this book, the author's belief in the fundamental oneness of white and black man affords much interest. Nor does he fail to show that prevailing opinion as to black man's inability to think abstractly and to construct eschatological concepts on a rational basis, or the native's mental inertia is a myth parading as science which has been created by the prejudice of distorted intellects. A number of instances of rational thinking by native Africans uninfluenced by white man's civilization, are cited in refutation of various advertisements of the puerility of the African's mind, his incapacity for sustained and purposive thinking.

In determining the formative factors of civilization and consequently those causes that have made for African stagnation, the author while not wholly discrediting climatic or physico-environmental influences expresses doubt as to its generally accepted potency. He rather thinks that an "instinctive fear of innovation" or "innate tendency to conservatism" is the mainspring of social stagnation. On the other hand a "divine discontent" is advanced as the motive fundamental to social progress and achievement. If one accepts the current notion of Africa's having always been one of the universal enigmas, and at the same time concurs with Mr. Nielsen in his indetermism, one finds one's self confronted with the unexplained phenomena. The question which logically follows the author's position is, "Why has this mysterious factor of 'divine discontent' not entered the African equation? Or why have the African blacks evinced a greater tendency to conservatism up to date than have other races?" We venture that this super-natural element could hardly be stimulated in an environment as gratuitous as Africa's. It is at this point that the author leaves us in the dark. If by "divine discontent" he means individual creativeness we accept the interpretation as far as it goes. But has he not overlooked "historic relationship" between groups which stimulates social change, the transfer of ideas and the dissemination of commodities? Is not social intercourse between races facilitated or handicapped by physical environment? These factors which escaped the author's notice might have been used to explain the African mystery.

In South Africa where races of extreme physical dissimilarity have been brought together, racial strife is possibly greater than in our own United States. To bring about harmony the author suggests segregation of the two races into separate territories. Obviously the author believes that the strife is caused by color or race prejudice. Were the situation so occasioned segregation would not be the expedient. Color or race prejudice has an instinctive basis of repugnance or hostility to strangeness whether objectified by human form or inanimate objects. Yet a period of continued association soon eliminates the fear of the alien. Separate the two races, according to this plan of Mr. Nielsen's, the black with a growing race consciousness and indignation to insult, and the white with its inflated nordic superiority and they will become more foreign to each other. Thus, hostility will easily be increased to the point of precipitation. Eventually a race war will occur of more terrorism than any occasional conflict between groups living in the same locality. However, the author is mistaken in maintaining that difference of race is the sole cause of the strife. In South Africa like our own dear fatherland, America, we have color prejudice augmented by certain economic and social factors of which the desire of the superior to exploit the inferior is the most predominant. When a so called inferior group and a superior group of different customs, languages or color are brought into contact, the latter bent upon exploiting the labor of the former or the resources of its native habitat, a situation which at the beginning may be called race prejudice soon becomes inextricably bound with class prejudice, particularly as miscegenation progresses. This seems to be the situation in South Africa although not so stated by the author.

ABRAM L. HARRIS.

AN inartistic hotch-potch is this little volume, but it does give a picture of Bert Williams and his tragedy. Its author or editor knew him and was his friend. The book contains an interesting preface by David Belasco, an account of Bert Williams' parts and his career, a number of his songs, statements of friends, obituary comments, and an attempt at character portrayal. As

one reads it he gets a clear picture of an easy-going, but ambitious artist of superb talent, whose sensitive nature, naive credulity in business matters, over-modesty and timidity prevented him from breaking through the barrier of race to the opportunity he merited. Bert Williams had within him the genius of a Joseph Jefferson, but because the sun kissed him too ardently, and his hair crinkled a little overmuch, he was doomed to live and die in the part of a clown. He made a world laugh while his own heart was cracking.

Once his chance was near. David Belasco, who believed that he was capable of big things, sent for him. It was after Erlanger had engaged Williams and signed him for three years in the Follies, that this opportunity came. Belasco told Williams that he would present him in a play which he could find or write. Failing to find courage to tell Belasco that he was already under contract for three years, he went to his friends for advice. They urged that he tell Belasco the facts and seek his release from Ziegfeld to whom Erlanger had passed him. This, he promised to do, but rather than risk an argument and possible criticism, states the author, Williams stayed with Ziegfeld for ten years, and pleaded timidity to Mr. Belasco. If this account is true, here is a pitiful side of Bert Williams' character—that when his opportunity came, he did not have the aggressiveness to fight for it.

Bert Williams' sensitive soul was constantly hurt by the slights and prejudices to which his race subjected him. At hotels and in places of public service, and even in his profession, this prejudice sorely wounded him. He would give his services to a benefit, and the stars would pair off in dressing rooms, leaving him alone on the stage unless some thoughtful actor came along and invited him in as partner.

"Williams was the funniest and saddest man I ever knew," says one of these, commenting on his life. He met with a great many unpleasantly limiting conditions, and as time went on he seemed to feel that craving for a club, or some place where he could meet those of his own profession, and talk shop as other actor-folk do. With all his philosophy, he would occasionally say, "Well, there is no way for me to know this or that thing which you say is going on. I'm just relegated—I don't belong." It was not said in a bitter tone, but it did sound sadly hopeless, and it did seem a pity that any artist who contributed so much that was of the best to our theatre, should be denied even the common comforts of living when on the road in cities like St. Louis and Cincinnati."

Tender, thoughtful, loving, kind, sympathetic, modest, gentlemanly, a lover of children and animals, simple as a child in money matters, but generous to a fault, loyal and true to his friends far beyond rules and law, a lover of good books and music, a thinker and philosopher—this is the picture given of Williams in the crudely arranged pages of the book. He never used an unclean line on the stage and always his audience felt the great reserve that was his. A look, a gesture, a word and he was moved to tears and laughter. A noble soul, torn on the ranks of the prejudice of the cold and cruel white world that boasts of superiority, but crushes talent and robs the world of genius, unless it be embodied in a white skin—this is the tragedy the little book unconsciously narrates.

ROBERT W. BAGNALL.

TWO readings of Mr. Clement Wood's recent volume of verse entitled *The Tide Comes In* leave some clear impressions. The first of these is that we ought to be glad that a man so capable of genuine poetry dares to be old-fashioned enough to write so that he may be understood. A new book of poetry ought always to be an important experience. "The poet is the only potentate," and we ought to be keen to know who now aspires to the crown. With this curiosity I find myself again and again persisting in these days through hundreds of lines whose meaning I never fathom. Allowing fully for my own limitations, it is nevertheless a disheartening trial. I am always wondering why a poet will do this. Mr. Wood does indeed himself say in the three stanzas entitled *Poetry*,

> "O, I am careful that these lines
> Tell nothing to you."

But the corners of his eyes are wrinkled into crows' feet here, I am certain. He is having a fling. He is capable of absurdities as helpful and nourishing as Swift's. I know what he means when he says, for instance, that

> "A poet who is well and whole
> Is not a poet."

Mr. Wood is both well and whole. You can

understand him, and for the most part gratefully.

In the next place, I am glad that the book stands for poetic form. Art without form is self-contradictory, a kind of spiritual anarchy. The formless, plashy jargon of the average free verse seems to me to be a corrupting literary excrescence. It requires neither discipline, nor serious studentship, nor any of the mighty self-possession of the sincere craftsman. At best it appears to be a pardonable aberration reflecting a disordered world. It is one of the misty phases through which poetry must struggle to the more reserved legitimate expressions of the high things, new and old, of the human spirit. I am glad that Mr. Wood has a contemporary model in Edwin Arlington Robinson, who seems, by all measurements, to be the present high priest of disinterested American singers. We must welcome with some ado any man who comes with form into a formless world.

My next impression is that *The Tide Comes In* represents a fine growth of the man himself. Divisions 1 and 2 are tentative. They give Mr. Wood a place in the choir, and illustrate his lyric facility. I should like to quote much that is quite as delightful as the little poem, *Culture*, in which an old, gray, withered tree standing on a hill is seen to be

> "As lovely as an old man
> Smiling at the sun."

All through these divisions there are

"Songs as light as tumbling spray,
Dirges heard where the heart has been
Humbled and couched with kinsman clay
Stars that glitter and stars that fall,
Love, that haunter of shore and hill,
Noon, and the final night of all.
Take what you will."

It is in divisions 3 and 4, however, in the poems on *Time*, and especially in the *Eagle Sonnets*, that Mr. Wood reveals his widest comprehensions, and gives us to feel the development of his powers. That development is clearly not yet ended. There are whole worlds of moral and aesthetic appreciation untouched by these poems. But there *are* breadth, a cosmic view that sets the spirit free from little mortal prejudices, and mastery of form and technique. Some months ago I marked and laid by for re-reading the January number of *The Yale Review*, because of the impression made on me by the only lines of Mr. Wood's I had seen—the two sonnets beginning

"Since all is vanity—O shrewdest Preacher."

I wanted more of this happy assurance of the worth of the life struggle wrought into almost perfect form. I rejoice to find them again in the Eagle series with others as high-pitched. The whole disadvantaged colored world is raised in hope when a seer of the white stock can wither up in song the blighting race prejudices and the terror of the war spirit of our times by such a sonnet as the one beginning

"How petty, then, the me above the you,
The birthmark moles of race and shade and breed."

Mr. Wood goes highest and farthest in these sonnets. Lloyd Mifflin seems to me to be still our finest artificer in this medium. Mr. Wood can, by consecration and severe self-discipline, match him. He has flaws—who has not?—but he has certainly been granted the authentic commission. I should like to quote widely in proof of this, but space is not mine, and you must not stay from the book. If you want to look into a young advancing mind, and glimpse the burgeoning of some of the best things that our poetry has to offer, read *The Tide Comes In*.

LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL.

MR. WOODSON'S "The Negro in Our History" has passed into a second edition. It is remarkable for its scholarship and its impartiality. When a race is struggling for freedom its worst handicap comes from within. Each leader is sure that he sees the true light and is impatient with those who differ from him. Mr. Woodson manages to stand above these quarrels and presents the good side of each program. He shows that the Negro and the question of slavery are interwoven with all phases of American history. He knows more about the education of the Negro than any other authority and has delved deep into the inspiring history of the Negro church.

The part played by the Negro during reconstruction has been grossly misrepresented. Mr. Woodson defends his race against this hostile propaganda. He resents the slur that the leaders of his race at that period were illiterate field hands. He says "most of the Negroes who sat in Congress during the eighties and nineties had more formal education than Warren G. Harding now President of the United States."

Much space is devoted to Booker Washington though Mr. Woodson does not entirely approve of him. He says, "When his influence as an educator extended into all ramifications of life, even into politics to the extent that he dictated the rise and fall of all Negroes occupying positions subject to the will of the whites, that constituency was so generally increased that before he died there were few Negroes who dared criticize him in public or let it be known that they were not in sympathy with his work." Yet, Mr. Woodson asserts, "Booker Washington did not object to higher education knowing that the race had to have men to lead it onward."

This author shows that despite prejudices the Negro soldier won laurels abroad: "Many a white soldier, many a white officer returned with the testimony that they were braver than any white man that ever lived." The 8th Illinois, officered throughout by Negroes, rendered such gallant service that it received more citations and *croix de guerre* than any other American regiment in France."

Mr. Woodson is militant in his counsels for the present day. He describes the race riot in Washington. He says: "The Negro helped to save democracy abroad, but he must fight to enjoy it at home." He says that the N. A. A. C. P. keeps before the Negroes "the ideal which they must obtain if they are to count as significant factors in this country."

JOSEPH GOULD.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNET

JOSEPH S. COTTER

I read a sonnet from the magic pen,
And in that sonnet was a lilting line,
And from that line I culled a haunting word,
And through that word I saw a crystal mountain,
And from that mountain rose a million voices—
I heard them singly and I heard them jointly—
And some were whispering and some were shouting,
And some were squeaking like a trothsome fieldmouse,
And some were fluting like the Hamelin piper,
And some were singing like a thrush at evening.
And some were wroth or sad and some were merry,
And some lipped notes that rose and splintered sky-ward,
And some tongued tunes that fell and fused the world-heart,
And all the insects halted, strained and listened,
And all the bird-folk trilled a wonder chorus,
And Spring, in sandals, sidled up to Summer,
And Summer, laughing, gripped the hand of Autumn,
And Autumn filled her lap with grief and greetings,
And, when I saw "mailed Winter doff his doublet,"
I hurried back, O Shakespeare to thy sonnet.

THE "Y" CONFERENCE AT TALLADEGA

JESSIE FAUSET

FEW people know that there are more than 600 local student Associations which through the National Student Department are affiliated with the National Young Women's Christian Association. Through this organization a fellowship of some 90,000 women students has been established. "It is the necessary machinery which has been created to build bridges of understanding and to open channels of communication."

A word about the National Student Department. This is really the executive body of the National Student Assembly and func-

tions in the time lapsing between Assemblies. It consists of an Executive Committee and of a National Student Council which in turn is made up of 84 undergraduate faculty and alumnae members chosen by the Undergraduate Representative Assemblies meeting in connection with summer conferences. Four members of the Council are colored students.

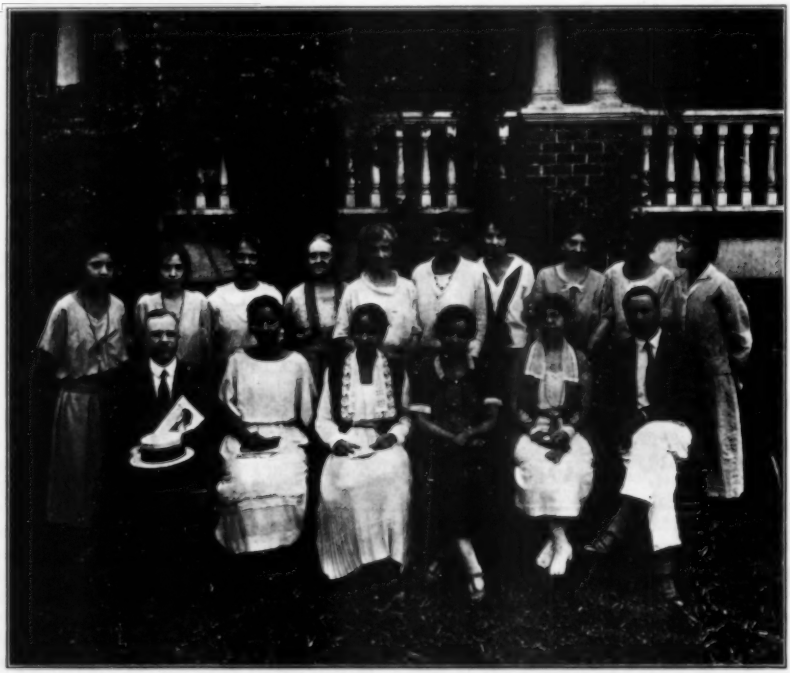
All this absolutely new information came to me because it was my privilege this summer to be one of the speakers, along with the Rev. Channing Tobias and Dr. Oscar Buck at the Student Conference held at beautiful Talladega College at Talladega, Alabama. As a speaker I was supposed to give a certain amount of instruction to these young women who formed the personnel of this conference. I did my best but I was the one who was instructed.

It was the first time that I had ever seen so large a group of trained Southern colored girls, and I was greatly impressed by their intelligence, their appearance, and their beautiful spirit.

The days were spent in recreation, study and discussion. It was surprising to see, for all their immaturity, how deep a sense these girls had of the importance of the part which they would have to play in the near future in an attempt to solve or at least adjust the race question. For of course the conference tended to become inter-racial. What else? How can the discussion of Christianity in America on the part of colored people resolve itself into anything other than a survey of the ways and means by which the Christian religion and the fact of being Negroes may be made compatible.

Out of this group of young workers are going to rise executives, thinkers, writers, women of initiative. There is in this body of young colored women, a vast mental and physical energy waiting to be directed toward some constructive end.

Not too much credit for the discovery and



MISS LAWLESS, MISS WILLIAMS, DR. BROWN, MRS. JACQUITH, MISS RIGGS, MRS. LANE, MISS McCROREY, MISS HOLMES, MISS BRIGGS, MISS CAUTION.
DR. BUCK, MISS SADDLER, MISS DERRICOTE, MISS FAUSET, MISS WYGAL, MR. TOBIAS.

the fostering of this energy can be given to the four colored student secretaries, Juliette Derricotte, Executive; Ethel Caution, Frances Williams and Juanita Saddler who, with Dr. Sara Brown, Medical Director, and Mrs. J. F. Lane, Hostess, managed the conference.

That conference was in many ways a new and valuable experience for me. Not only because it made the work of the "Y" more concrete, nor because it opened my eyes to the promise of our Southern girls but because it brought me for the first time into contact with a colored school of the South.

Beautiful Talladega College! Imagine leaving the hot Jim-Crow Car which brings one from Anniston to spin along the rust-red roads of Talladega and suddenly to stop short before a stretch—an 880 acre stretch—of green campus and trees and fields, dotted with beautiful and picturesque buildings, an ivy covered chapel, residence halls, a Carnegie Library, lecture halls, and know that all this peace and quiet and beauty are yours!

One of those buildings, Swayne Hall, filled me with an abiding satisfaction. It is a broad, squarish structure with vast pillars such as the South affects—*and it was built by slaves for white boys* in 1852. But the sons of those slaves are students there now. Oh glorious portent!

Talladega College was founded in 1867 and for more than thirty years over five hundred students have been in attendance in the various departments each year. Its curriculum, I am creditably informed, compares favorably with that of Atlanta, Fisk and Moorehouse. Certainly the instructors whom I met, Professors Holloway, Jaquith and Lawless, were capable, scholarly men.

The village shows marks of progress, too. Dr. Brummit has a drugstore where one might purchase all sorts of things and Dr. Jones, guardian angel, by the way, of the college, showed us a fine, large suite of offices.

The conference was a memorable one and happily located. What I like most to remember, however, was that troop of merry, efficient, striking girls filing in and out of Swayne Hall, built over a half century ago by slaves for the children of—free men.

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

ON TO KANSAS CITY!

BY the time this issue of THE CRISIS reaches its readers the Fourteenth Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. will be about to begin. It is to be held at Kansas City, Kansas, from Wednesday, August 29th through Tuesday, September 4th. Delegates will be in attendance from every part of the United States and every indication points to the most largely attended conference of its kind ever held. Speakers of national repute will address the meetings including Governors Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri and Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas; Miss Mary E. McDowell, Commissioner of Public Welfare of Chicago; Scipio A. Jones of Little Rock, who fought so valiantly and successfully for four years to save the lives of the victims of the Elaine, Arkansas riots in 1919; Mrs. Thomas W. Bickett, widow of the late governor of North Carolina, and one of the outstanding figures working for inter-racial peace in the South; Congressman L. C. Dyer; Arthur B. Spingarn of New York; Mrs. Alice Dunbar-Nelson of Wilmington; and many others. The National Office urges as large attendance as possible and extends a hearty invitation to every person who is interested in the great problem of justice regardless of color.

Among the vital subjects to be discussed are migration, the Arkansas Cases, the fight against mob violence, the Tuskegee Hospital situation, the Negro voter's political future, the combating of segregation and Jim Crowism in the North, ways to inter-racial peace, the question of health and other pertinent matters

One of the most interesting features of the conference will be the awarding of the Spingarn Medal to Dr. George W. Carver of Tuskegee. Dr. Carver will bring with

him to the conference some exhibits of great interest and value with which he will demonstrate the great contributions to science which he has made and for which he has been awarded the Spingarn Medal.

One final word. When you purchase your ticket to Kansas City be sure and get from the ticket agent a Certificate. The railroads have granted reduced rates of one and one-half fares for the round trip (not one and one-third as was stated in the August CRISIS *through an oversight) provided we have at least two hundred and fifty delegates and members attending the conference by rail. In previous years we have been unable to get this reduction because so many delegates forgot to ask for certificates. We hope none will fail this year.*

THE TUSKEGEE HOSPITAL MUDDLE

IN 1921 the Veteran's Bureau of the United States Government decided to locate at some suitable point in the South a hospital for the treatment of Negro veterans of the World War. Despite vigorous protests from Negroes in all parts of the country, among them the National Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P., against the location of such an institution in the South, the project was carried through. Authorized agents of the Government sought a location at numerous places but in every instance local whites objected. Finally, in desperation, the Tuskegee Institute was approached and requested to help the Government out of its predicament by allowing the hospital to be built there. For this purpose Tuskegee Institute gave three hundred acres of land to the Government. Forty odd acres were purchased by the United States from a white woman of Tuskegee and a small parcel of land for a road was given by local white people.

Naturally, the question of under what auspices the hospital was to be conducted arose. The heads of Tuskegee Institute were informed verbally that before anything was done on this important matter they would be consulted. Instead a Major Kenzie was sent from Washington to Tuskegee to sound out local white sentiment, and he promised the local whites the hospital would be manned by a white personnel.

The hospital finished, Colonel Robert H. Stanley (a Southern white man of the rabid type) was ordered to and reported at Tuskegee to assume charge of the hospital, being on the ground two days before any of the heads of Tuskegee Institute knew of his presence there.

In a letter dated February 14 Dr. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, wrote to the N. A. A. C. P. enclosing a copy of a letter to the President in which he urged that the staff of doctors and nurses at the hospital be at least a mixed one. In his letter to the Association Major Moton requested its aid in preventing the installation of an entire white staff. This the N. A. A. C. P. gladly promised.

When it appeared that whites were about to be placed at the hospital the N. A. A. C. P. put the issue squarely up to President Harding who stated through his secretary that:

". . . the task of selecting and completing the colored staff for the management and administration of Tuskegee Hospital is well under way. It is the plan of the Director of the Veteran's Bureau, with the approval of the President, to man this institution completely with a colored personnel."

Meantime, lured by various considerations, not the least prominent of which was the monthly payroll of upwards of $65,000, certain white citizens of Alabama began active agitation for a white staff. The laws of Alabama specifically prohibit a white person's nursing a colored patient but this was to be evaded by the appointment of white nurses at the stated salaries of $1680 to $2500 per year while to each nurse there would be assigned a colored *nurse-maid* who would receive about sixty dollars a month and do all the work. In other matters the law was to be evaded in order that the considerable sum in salaries be turned over to whites.

The agitation of Alabama whites for the privilege to white doctors and nurses of nursing colored patients culminated in a parade of the Ku Klux Klan at Tuskegee on July third.

Following the parade, according to the testimony of reliable witnesses whose statements are on file at the Veterans' Bureau and the Department of Justice at Washington, about twenty Klansmen in hoods and robes went to the hospital and were admitted to the Government property by the armed guards who saluted the Klansmen and permitted them to pass. Disrobing in a patch of woods near the hospital, the Klansmen entered the institution, searched

it for John H. Calhoun and were served in the commissary with a mid-night luncheon prepared from Government food by Miss Gubtil, Chief Dietician at the hospital. Mr. Calhoun is a colored man who took the Civil Service examination for Chief Accountant at the hospital, passing with a very high mark. He was ordered to Tuskegee to succeed a Miss Hunnicutt, the white incumbent who had taken the examination and failed.

Charges regarding the Klan parade were made by the Association and Colonel Stanley denied absolutely that any Klansmen had been permitted to put foot on any part of the Government property. This denial was proven to be untrue and a very close connection between Colonel Stanley and the Klan was indicated by the facts which later came to light. One of these was in connection with the case of Mr. Calhoun. When he reached Tuskegee he was handed a letter, which was neither postmarked nor stamped, by Colonel Stanley. Suspecting its contents Mr. Calhoun had presence of mind enough to keep the letter without opening it. Leaving Tuskegee he went to Atlanta where he placed the unopened letter in the hands of General Frank Hines, Director of the Veterans' Bureau, who was then on his way to Tuskegee. Director Hines opened the letter and found it to be a threat against Calhoun's life from the Ku Klux Klan.

Following the parade, one of the patients at the hospital by the name of Jackson, who for four years has been suffering from tuberculosis, wrote a letter of protest to General Hines against the Klan parade and the treatment of the ninety-odd veterans at the hospital and requested protection for the colored nurses. Word of this complaint got back to Tuskegee. Though still dangerously ill Mr. Jackson was given a certificate of discharge from the hospital certifying that he was entirely cured and he was given transportation to Arizona, ostensibly to get him out of the way before he could talk to representatives of the Department of Justice. Similarly, three of the colored nurses who had refused to bow to the indignities placed upon them were dismissed from the hospital by an order signed by Colonel Stanley and given less than twenty hours to get off the hospital ground. These three young women, Mrs. Evelyn G. Robinson and Miss Adella Woode of Germantown, Pa., and Mrs. Zelda H. Peck, immediately left for their homes. Mrs. Robinson and Miss Woode first went to Washington.

On July fifth when it appeared that the situation was exceedingly critical and upon securing evidence which showed that threats had been made which would undoubtedly result in trouble the National Office of the N. A. A. C. P. wired President Harding, who was then on his way to Alaska, as follows:

"National Association for the Advancement of Colored People representing one hundred thousand American citizens asks that Federal troops be sent to Tuskegee, Alabama, to protect colored doctors sent to United States Veterans hospital to care for Negro World War Veterans. Lives of these United States doctors and security of Tuskegee Institute have been threatened by masked mobs. Tuskegee Institute as internationally known agency making for interracial goodwill should have protection against lawless defiance of Government. We urge especially Federal protection for R. R. Moton successor to Booker T. Washington whose life has been threatened."

This action by the Association was taken only after mature deliberation and focused national attention on the situation.

In addition to this Walter F. White, Assistant Secretary, went to Washington for a conference with the Department of Justice officials to request an official investigation of the tangled situation and the apprehension and punishment of those responsible for the threats. In the absence of William J. Burns, Chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, Mr. White in company with Mr. Shelby J. Davidson, Executive Secretary of the District of Columbia Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., presented to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, Special Assistant to the Attorney-General, evidence proving violation of Federal laws by certain individuals and the Ku Klux Klan in Alabama.

Mr. Hoover felt, however, that he would not be able to order an investigation unless the Bureau of Investigation were given specific authority by the Attorney General's office to make such an enquiry. Mr. White and Mr. Davidson thereupon secured an appointment with Mr. Crim, Acting Attorney General of the United States in the absence of Attorney General Daugherty, who gave as his official opinion that not only did the Bureau of Investigation have the right

to investigate the situation at Tuskegee but since Government property was threatened the Bureau was obligated to investigate the situation. Upon being requested, Mr. Crim wrote an official memorandum to the Bureau of Investigation authorizing the investigation.

Mr. White made a second trip to Washington and with Dr. M. O. Dumas, acting for the Medical Association and Mr. James A. Cobb, attorney for the N. A. A. C. P. at Washington, secured an interview for Mrs. Robinson and Miss Wood at the Veterans Bureau where the full facts regarding the situation at Tuskegee were placed before that bureau. An appointment was also made when these facts were presented to the Department of Justice. An official request was made by the N. A. A. C. P. on July 24 for the immediate removal of Colonel Stanley based upon information on file in the Veterans Bureau "establishing conclusively the failure of Col. Stanley as commander of the hospital to protect Negro subordinates against mob threats; and showing that Colonel Stanley tolerated, if he did not actually connive at Ku Klux invasion of the hospital and use of hospital supplies; further, that Negro nurses have been summarily discharged without cause."

On the same day the following letter was written to President Harding:

"Dear Mr. President:

"Unfortunately during your absence, the Tuskegee Hospital situation has reached the stage of a national scandal. We have seen a body of lawless mobbists in the name of the Ku Klux Klan, attempting to defy the United States Government, driving out colored men who had been appointed to work at the Tuskegee Hospital. We have seen the white commander of that hospital, Colonel Robert H. Stanley, failing to protect his colored subordinates who had been threatened with mob violence, and tolerating if not conniving at Ku Klux activity in the Government Hospital under his command.

"Let me recall to you the exact words of a letter written on April 28 to this Association by your Secretary, Mr. Christian, at your direction:

"Is it the purpose of the United States Government to change its plan because a few mobbists make threats? Is political pressure in Washington going to retain in office a commanding officer who has shown himself so unfit as has Colonel Stanley? These questions colored people throughout the nation, and white people as well, are now asking. We cannot do otherwise than present them to you, for we have steadily and persistently warned your Administration of the danger in making any concession whatever to the mob sentiment represented by the Ku Klux Klan and by certain white people of Alabama.

"We have already asked Director Hines to remove Colonel Stanley. We ask your approval for this action, preceded of course by a thorough investigation and substantiation of the charges against this officer. We ask furthermore for the exact continuance of the government's plan, that is, a complete colored staff of qualified physicians and nurses, from the commanding officer down, and, if necessary, United States troops in Alabama to see that they are not interfered with in the work to which their government has called them.

(Signed) "JAMES WELDON JOHNSON,
"Secretary."

MORE COOPERATION

THE Citizen's Club of Philadelphia, of which Mr. Edward W. Henry is president, recently passed this resolution:

"That the Citizens Club create a group membership in the N. A. A. C. P. to be known as 'The Citizens Club Contributing Membership,' by requesting every member to pay one dollar per year in addition to their regular dues and assessments."

The National Office wishes to express publicly its sincere appreciation of this action on the part of this active and large organization.

The club of which Mr. Henry is president has for many years been a dominant factor in the life of the colored citizens of Philadelphia and this tangible demonstration of its interest in and support of the work that the N. A. A. C. P. is doing is deeply appreciated. The National Office hopes that other organizations will emulate this splendid example.

CONGRESSMAN DYER

CONGRESSMAN L. C. DYER, father of the Federal Anti-Lynching Bill which he will reintroduce in the coming session of Congress, is continuing his work in arousing public sentiment throughout the country on this vital question. During August and September, in addition to speaking at the Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. at Kansas City, Mr. Dyer will make another tour in the interest of anti-lynching legislation and the work of the N. A. A. C. P., speaking in Rochester, Buffalo, Lackawanna, New York, Atlantic City, Zanesville, Ohio; Springfield, Ohio; and Cincinnati.

The Horizon

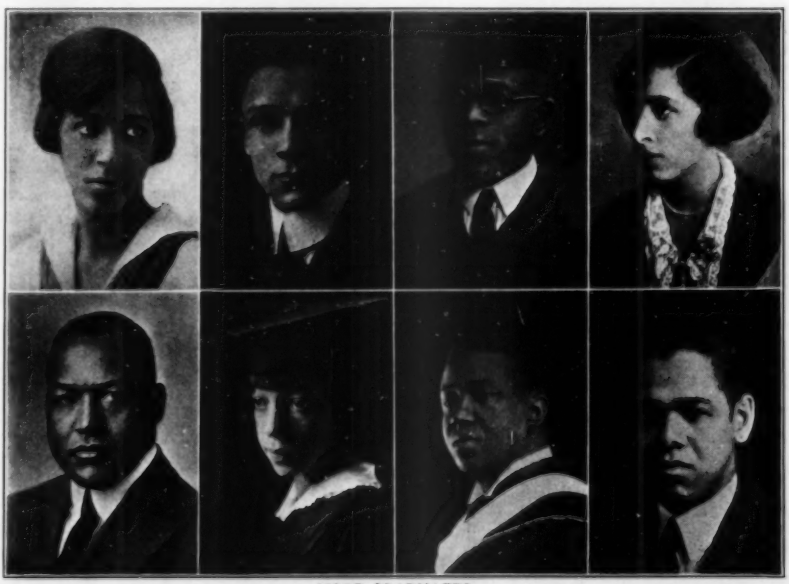
JUDGE KING

¶ In Jamaica, B. W. I., J. L. King has recently been made a Judge. Mr. King is a graduate of London University and after a brilliant career at Gray's Inn, was called to the English Bar six months earlier than students ordinarily complete their law course at the Inns of Court. At the Jamaica Bar, he has been a successful advocate and has served as a member of the Kingston City Council, the Wolmer's High School Trustee Board, as government prosecutor in circuit courts and as secretary of the Legislative Council. He is now acting Judge of the Resident Magistrate's courts in Clarendon.

¶ Hastings Thompkins and W. E. Morrow of New York City have both been graduated in pharmacy at Fordham University.

¶ Aaron Smith of Tampa, Florida, has been appointed Deputy Collector of the second district of the United States Internal Revenue, New York City under Frank Bowers.

¶ Geraldine O. S. Satchell, whose picture appeared in the August CRISIS without caption is a Batchelor of Arts of Oberlin College.



MORE GRADUATES

Miss A. G. Wilkerson, S.B., Chicago
E. R. Penland, LL.B., Washington
R. F. Jones, LL.B., Pittsburg
Miss E. M. Bennett, B. Business Ad., Boston
J. H. N. Jones, M.D., Iowa
J. W. Eichelberger, A.M., Northwestern
Miss H. M. Wheatland, A.B., Wellesley
C. W. Allen, D.D.S., Iowa

M. G. Amos,
Ph.C., Cincinnati

Miss G. S. Berry
A.B., Oberlin

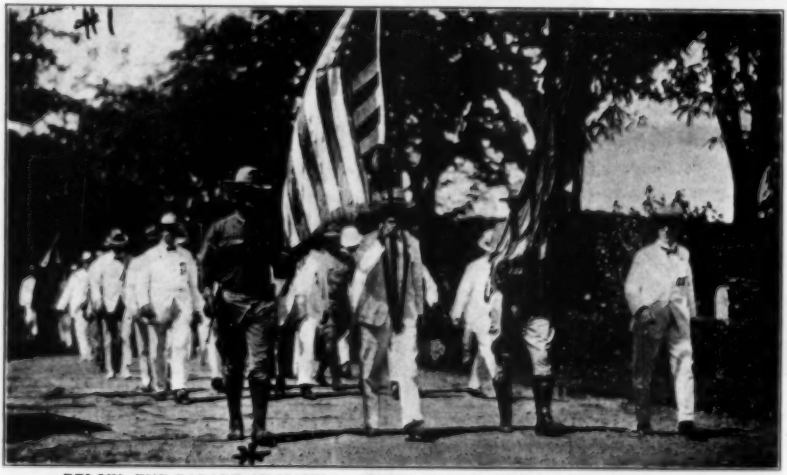
¶ The 23rd annual convention of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Clubs was held in Dayton. There were 187 delegates and 23 state officers representing 34 cities. These clubs expended $15,336 in their year's work. Mrs. E. R. Davis of Cincinnati was re-elected President. The delegates were received at the Club House of the white City Federation.

¶ Numbers of colored Baptists attended the Baptist World Alliance at Stockholm, Sweden, July 21. Dr. L. K. Williams of Chicago, and Dr. Joseph A. Booker of Little Rock were among the speakers, and Dr. C. H. Parish of Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. E. Wilson of Dallas, Texas, and Mrs. Sarah W. Layton of Philadelphia attended.

¶ The Wage Earners Bank of Savannah, Ga., under President L. E. Williams, has capital and surplus of $75,000 and nearly a million dollars in deposit. Its assets have increased from $102 in 1900 to $1,131,148 March 21, 1923.

¶ Maude J. Wanzer, Supervisor of Music in the colored public schools of Charleston, W. Va., received her Bachelor's degree in music at the Chicago Conservatory of Music. At the Cosmopolitan School of Music in Chicago, Mrs. Elnora Manson presented a program with several of her original compositions. Mrs. Mildred Bryant Jones received her degree of Master of Music at the same institution. Mrs. Jones was a pupil of Clarence Eidam and gave from memory at her recital Schumann's difficult Concerto and the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A Minor.

¶ At the Memorial Day exercises in the Philippine Islands the colored citizens were well represented. Captain T. N. McKinney was a member of the some of the important committees.



BELOW: THE PARADE AT MANILA; ABOVE: T. M. McKINNEY AND AIDE (at left).

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER, NINTH SPINGARN MEDALIST, IN HIS LABORATORY AT TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

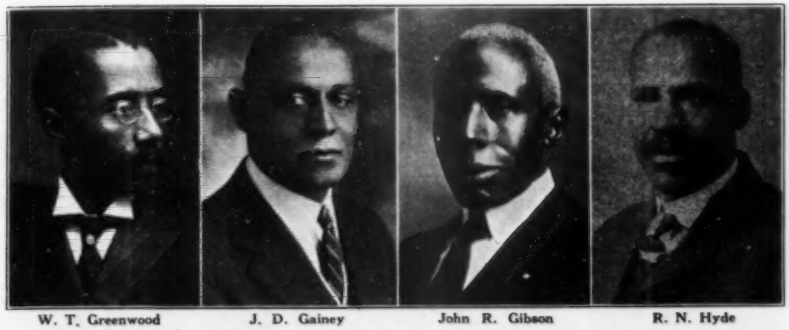
Father Joseph John | Bishop C. S. Smith | Mrs. Alice Butler | Mrs. M. M. Bethune

¶ The ordination last June of Rev. Joseph A. John, member of the Lyons African Missionary Society will be peculiarly interesting to those of our readers who followed the articles on Colored Catholic Priests published three years ago in the CRISIS. Father John is a native of Grenada, B. W. I., but his studies have led him far afield. His education was obtained at St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, Laval University, Quebec; with the African Missionary Fathers in Holland and in Carthage, Africa. Poor health, however, forced him back to America where he completed his training at St. Anthony's Mission House of Studies, Highwood, New Jersey. When Father John celebrated his first Solemn Mass on June 17 at the church of St. Benedict the Moor in New York City, the right Rev. John E. Burke making a plea for more colored priests said: "Agitate in prayer for colored vocations. . . . Agitate by co-operating with those who have taken up the work of educating young colored men and girls for the priesthood and the Sisterhood." A brother of Father John is a Dominican friar in France and a sister is a nun in Trinidad.

¶ The death of Charles Spencer Smith, Bishop of the African Methodist Church, removes from church leadership one of its striking figures. Bishop Smith was born in Canada in 1852, educated in the public schools and at Meharry and was elected Bishop in 1900. He had a varied career. He was ordained in 1872; was a member of the Alabama House of Representatives; founded the Sunday School Union of his church and traveled and preached in Africa and the West Indies. He was a strong and fearless man. He leaves a widow who was formerly Miss Josephine Black of Nashville and a daughter.

¶ One of the most earnest workers of the North California branch of the N. A. C. C. P. is Mrs. Alice Butler of the firm of Hudson and Butler, Undertakers, of Oakland, Calif. Mrs. Butler in order to raise funds makes a specialty of brilliant and novel entertainments. This year she planned an affair known as the "Branch New Year Party" at which she raised $296.50. She has generously offered to repeat this entertainment annually so as to assist the Branch in raising its apportionment.

¶ From her childhood Mary McLeod Bethune has been a leader. She grew up, the child of slaves, in a little log cabin in Maysville, S. C., walking five miles to school every day and proving herself so capable and dependable that when a white dressmaker of Denver, Colorado, offered to give a scholarship to a worthy girl, Mary McLeod was chosen. She was sent then to Scotia Seminary and to the Moody Bible School in Chicago and thence to Haines Institute under Miss Lucy Laney. After an interval in which she taught, married, and worked among prisoners in Palatka, Florida, Mrs. Bethune went to Dayton in 1904. With only $1.50 in her pocket she took a firm resolve to help needy girls. Here was where her innate sense of leadership developed to the nth degree. Seventeen years later this woman's "resolve" has grown into an institution consisting of a splendid truck farm, seven buildings (two of them brick), and a beautiful campus. The property is worth at least $250,000 and there is no indebtedness. There is a High School course with teacher training and seven industries. A woman such as Mrs. Bethune needs plenty of scope for her activities, so she has branched out into community interests, inaugurating a Mission at Tomoka and found-



W. T. Greenwood J. D. Gainey John R. Gibson R. N. Hyde

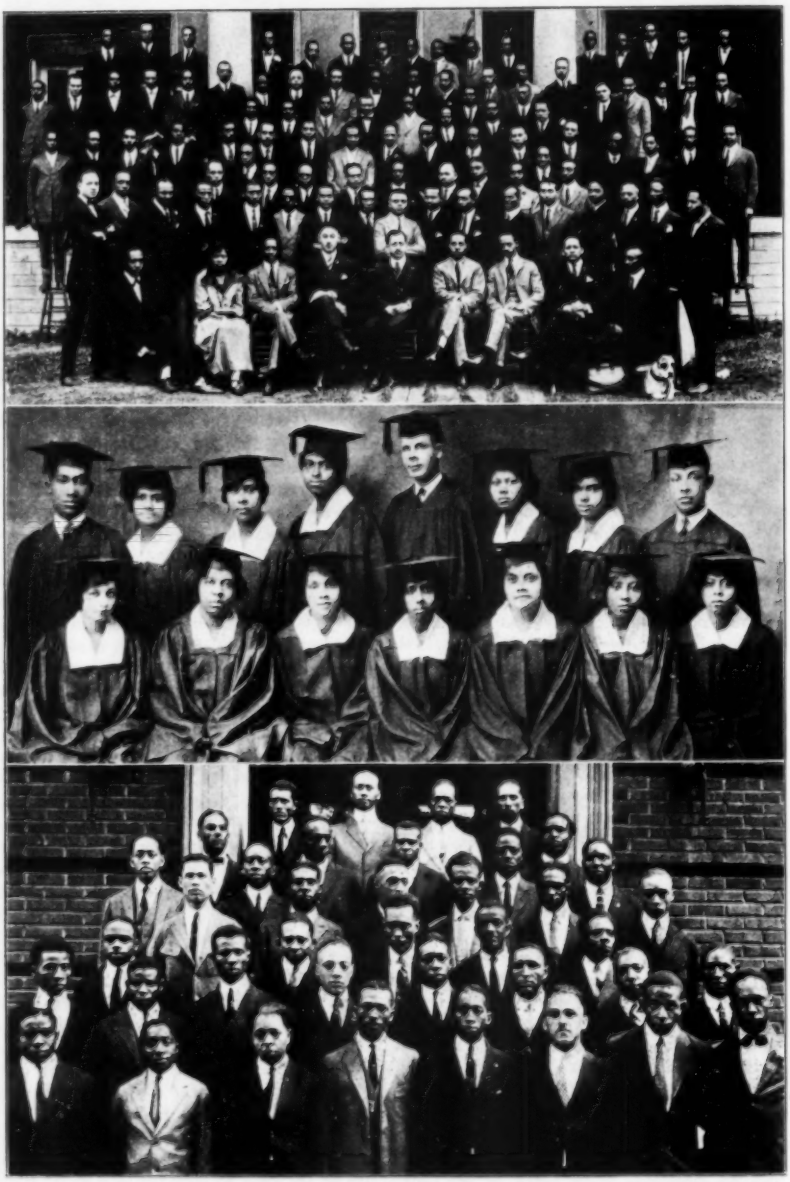
ing a hospital and training school for nurses. Moreover she was very active in War Work. She is also Vice-President of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, Vice-President of the National Association of Colored Women, President of the South Eastern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs and member of the Executive Committee of the Urban League. Her latest and most remarkable piece of work has been the completion of a three story fire proof dormitory with all modern improvements, at a cost of $62,000.

¶ William T. Greenwood, for forty years porter and messenger of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Baltimore may now spend the rest of his days, if he chooses, riding free of charge as passenger over the Pennsylvania lines. A pass permitting him this and a pension are the fitting rewards of his long years of service. Mr. Greenwood is a native of Baltimore, and graduated from its schools in 1875. He has spent much of his 68 years in fraternal, religious and civic work. He is Past Grand Worthy Shepherd of the Grand United Order of Nazarites, a Past Grand Senior Warden of the Masonic Order and an active worker in Asbury M. E. Church. He was also the first president of the Y. M. C. A. and served for seven years. He established the woman's auxiliary headed by the late Martha E. Murphy out of which grew the Y. W. C. A. He was afterward elected secretary of the Association and held his position for a number of years.

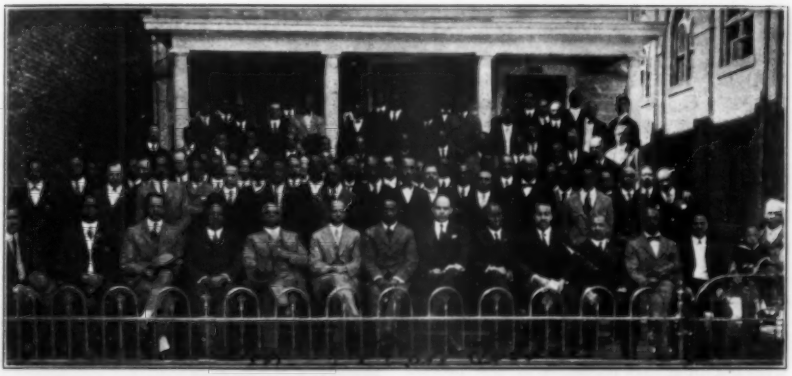
¶ John D. Gainey who has just been appointed Assistant Chief Clerk in the Railway Mail Service with headquarters at Washington, D. C., was born in 1873 in Savannah, Georgia. He was educated at Atlanta University and at Columbia University of New Orleans, La. For a time he traveled for the International Publishing Company of Philadelphia, but left this to serve in the Spanish American War with the 25th U. S. Infantry. In October, 1900, he received an appointment to the Railway Mail Service operating in Montana. When the Burlington Railroad built its lines through Montana he opened up the service on the Billings and Shelby Railway Post Office. Later after several transfers he came to the Union Terminal at Chicago. His new appointment assigns him to Railway Failures and makes him a member of the Commission on Grievances. His commission read: "He will be obeyed and respected . . . by mail contractors, postmasters and all others connected with the Postal Service."

¶ The High School of Galveston, Texas, has had one principal, John R. Gibson, for nearly 40 years. He was born in Virginia but reared in Selma, Ohio, whence he went to Wilberforce receiving there the degree of B.S. in 1882. Twenty years later he took the degree of Master of Science. He began to teach in Galveston in 1883. In 1885 he organized the High School and has been its head ever since. Moreover he has conducted three Summer Normals for the State and has served as president of the Texas Teachers Association. In addition to his scholastic duties he is consul of Liberia for Galveston, an appointment conferred upon him by President McKinley in 1901.

¶ The entrance of the Negro into business is usually looked upon as a latter day event but as far back as 1880 the late R. N. Hyde of Des Moines, Iowa, had established a business of house, office and carpet cleaning. His success in this last item inspired him to invent an electric carpet dusting



MEHARRY GRADUATES IN DENTISTRY
COLLEGE GRADUATES, ATLANTA UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE GRADUATES, MOREHOUSE COLLEGE



MEN'S BIBLE CLASS, FIRST BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

machine and a cleaning compound. In 1882 he entered into partnership with T. W. Henry and the two patented the H & H soap. Mr. Hyde continued in this business until 1905 when he sold out to Mr. Henry. Later he invented two other cleaning compounds. Mr. Hyde was greatly interested both in his race and in civic causes. He prosecuted the first segregation case entered in the district court. Also he served often as juryman, as delegate to the county and state Republican conventions, the national Republican convention at Philadelphia in 1904, and at Chicago in 1912 and 1916. He was also a guest of President Roosevelt's party from Keokuk to Des Moines in 1903. Besides Mr. Hyde belonged to numerous lodges and served for 23 years as custodian of the house of the Iowa legislature. In appreciation of this he was awarded by the Thirty-fifth general assembly a gold medal. Although Mr. Hyde's life was spent in Des Moines he was born 71 years ago in Culpepper, Virginia. He leaves a wife and three children, all of whom are college graduates.

¶ Sergeant Frank Lampton was born in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, February 24th, 1823, where he spent his childhood life. At the age of twenty-five, under Rev. Ned Jones, he joined the A. M. E. Church where he was steward and class leader. In 1863 he married Lucinda Campbell. In January, 1864, he enlisted in the Civil War at Nashville, Tennessee, and was discharged April 30, 1866, at Chattanooga. From there, he moved to Clarksville. He was ordained Deacon in the St. Bethlehem Baptist Church and served until he moved to Chicago, Illinois, in 1902, where he lived until his death.

Sergeant Frank Lampton

¶ The Rocky Mountain Student Conference, representing students from Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming, passed a resolution demanding a Federal law against lynching and mob violence. Dr. W. H. P. Westbrook and Mr. Cary of Denver were among the speakers.

¶ Miles Memorial College graduated three Bachelors of Arts.

¶ The Osage Indians of Oklahoma number only 2,118 but their total wealth is estimated at about $31,312,605. They are the richest people per capita in the world, and own the richest producing oil fields in the United States.

¶ Edward Waters College of Jacksonville, Fla., has innovated a school of Insurance and Salesmanship. This was founded in 1922 by A. L. Lewis, President of the Afro-American Insurance Company in response to the demand for an Institution to train Insurance Salesmen competently.

NATHAN B. YOUNG

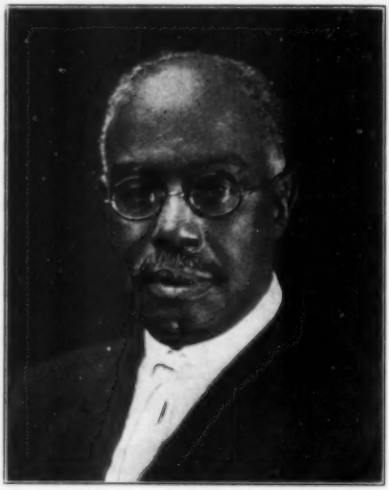
WE asked Mr. Young, formerly President of the Florida A. and M. College, and today President of Lincoln University, Missouri, to state the circumstances of his giving up the presidency at Florida. His answer is so clear, concise and fine that we are publishing it *verbatim:*

"I am retiring from the presidency of the Florida A. and M. College after twenty-two golden years of service, and that too for an appreciative people. I am leaving them not on theirs nor on my own initiative, but upon the initiative of the 'powers that rule' to whom I have become a '*persona non grata*', because, forsooth, I refused to sneeze when the local Federal Vocational agents took snuff. I refused to endorse their program for this college. They, assisted by the Governor of the State, undertook to redirect the activities of the College, to give it a more industrial trend. When it came to a showdown, however, they found that their policy could not be legally carried out, that the academic status of this College could not be changed by a resolution of the State Board of Education. I had anticipated this very thing, and, consequently, kept the growth of the College well within the law.

"Having failed to accomplish their purpose by the use of direct methods, they resorted to indirect, political methods to secure another man to head up this enterprise, in the hope, evidently, of finding a man whom they could control. Whether they can find such a man remains to be seen. In the meantime the alumni and patrons of the College are on guard to see that the College suffers no detriment by any change in the Presidency.

"Strange to say, promptly upon my denial of continued service here, a larger field opened up for the second time before me in the presidency of Lincoln University of Missouri, where a full day's work awaits me. I hope to find in Missouri the opportunity snatched from me in Florida to help make that school what its new name prophesies, a first-class institution of *higher learning*, a Standard College for the Negroes of the Middle West.

"Now, as to my life in a biographic way. It has been exceedingly uninteresting.



PRESIDENT YOUNG

Since graduating from Talladega College, Alabama, and Oberlin College, Ohio (which admitted me to the first and second degrees in the Arts), I have taught here and there in the lower South—in Mississippi, in Alabama, in Georgia and in Florida, including five years in Tuskegee Institute during the days of its small things. Of the latter service I have ever since been glad for it was indeed a privilege in those days to work along side of Booker Washington, to be inspired with his fine spirit even though it became necessary occasionally to disagree with his educational views and methods.

"In addition to teaching I have had a small hand in promoting the economic life of our group in a banking and in an insurance sort of way. I helped to establish the second Negro banking enterprise in this country—the Penny Savings Bank of Birmingham, Alabama, that did successful business for a quarter of a century.

"I am also a charter member of the Board of Directors of the Standard Life Insurance Company and I have never missed a board meeting. These two enterprises have given me an avocational experience that has

helped me very much in my vocation activities.

"I think that this is about all that is worth while in my professional career. My personal career began in Alabama too many years ago to recite. My quest of an education in school and college was about like that of the average Negro youth of that day. There were no thrills connected therewith. What my parents did not pay toward my schooling, I earned and borrowed, with an occasional gift from friends.

"I believe that is about all. Select from this statement what you may wish to print."

This is the way the South treats Negroes who are men once it gets them in its power. There are few colored state schools left in the South whose presidents dare to call their souls their own.

The Outer Pocket

Boston, Massachusetts.

I LIKE your heroic stand in Philadelphia—"when we are driven to segregation by the very gods, as it were, to make the most of it; to blame no one thus driven but rather the drivers". Indeed it seems to me that this very thing that hatred is imposing upon us will prove our salvation if we can only catch the wisdom of your words recently spoken in Philadelphia.

WALLACE A. BATTLE.

Detroit, Michigan.

In reply to yours of the 11th instant, enclosing statement re your Philadelphia speech, permit me to say that I have read the statement, also the CRISIS editorial (August), and I feel that I can safely endorse all I have read in both statement and CRISIS.

R. B. ST. CLAIR.

New York City.

I want to tell you how heartily I appreciate your fine, thoughtful editorial, "The Tragedy of 'Jim Crow,'" which I have just finished reading. It went right to the heart of the matter, to my mind, and separated the true from the false. I congratulate and thank you.

ERNESTINE ROSE.

New York City.

I want to thank you for your message to the people of Philadelphia, last Sunday. The true, clear-thinking logic of your talk is just what the people of Philadelphia need, particularly at this time, when their minds are so bitterly biased towards the colored teachers.

Topeka, Kansas.

I am writing to congratulate you on your address in behalf of Cheyney Training School and Mr. Hill. Cheyney should not be dragged into the dirty tub of politics just because it is now receiving state aid.

The poor equipment in colored schools is due very largely to the lack of people to head them whose tastes and education can demand the same thing as may be found in other schools.

G. R. BRIDGEFORTH.

Chicago, Ill.

Two articles and a poem appeared in the August number of THE CRISIS which I sincerely believe ought to be given much study by every American of African descent, and particularly by those in position to help direct and promote the welfare of this group.

The article written by William S. Nelson on "The American Negro and Foreign Opinion" contains a number of very valuable comments and suggestions on the necessity and procedure for presenting our cause in such a way as to "assure an approving judgment from the opinion of the world court."

The article by W. E. B. DuBois, "The Tragedy of Jim Crow" while dealing specifically with certain incidents and conditions in Pennsylvania, contains an outline of procedure worthy of broader application than to the educational conditions in that state alone.

The poem, "A Prayer for Pain" by J. G. Neihart, contributes a thought that may be connected with these two articles.

The migratory movements of Negro laborers from the more uncivilized, barbarous southern states, northward is bringing more directly to us individually, problems of the

"color line" that were not so keenly felt before. Many of us who were born in communities where the percentage of the Negro population was very small, have "viewed with alarm" this influx, followed as it generally is, by the growth of racial friction, and we have frequently sought to do the unmanly thing—that is run away to other northern localities where the results of this movement are not yet apparent.

Some of us will perhaps stop our flight now and adopt as our "domestic policy" the suggestions offered at the close of the article on "The Tragedy of Jim Crow" and for a "foreign policy", the suggestions contained in the article, "The American Negro and Foreign Opinion".

This is written to assure you that your work is appreciated.

OCIE R. BURNS

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

OUR *Boys and Girls* publishes this skit under the title "Fastidious."

A Cracker said, "From now till death
I'll hold my breath—I swear!
Unless some one puts through a bill
Providing "Jim-crow" air.

* * *

It is in the spirit in which Miss Millay might write of herself, if she was to awake in the shell of one of another race, that Georgia Douglas Johnson writes "Cosmopolite"—surely the strangest, gayest and most pitiful word which has ever come from the colored race in America. Indeed, it could not have come until now, for its voice is the voice of the modern—hardly troubling to challenge; merely stating:

COSMOPOLITE

Not wholly this or that,
But wrought
Of alien bloods am I,
A product of the interplay
Of traveled hearts.
Estranged, yet not estranged, I stand
All comprehending;
From my estate
I view earth's frail dilemma;
Scion of fused strength am I,
All understanding.
Nor this nor that
Contains me.

* * *

The same spirit is in her "Fusion." Who of her race has had the detachment, the modernity, almost the humor of tragedy to write like that of destiny?

The American Indians never had one of their number to speak out of their woe and injustice in English verse. Withdrawn, incurious of an audience, and without hope, they lamented or prayed or sang, wrapt in absorption, intent on their own paths and their own gods. But the colored peoples have voices, crying with power over barriers, and among such utterances the lyric voice of Georgia Douglas Johnson, both passionate and plaintive, again wins its hearing in her little volume called "Bronze". She speaks for the colored people of America, "the mantled millions", "children of sorrow, dethroned by a hue," those, in fine, "who walk unfree, tho cradled in the hold of liberty". Her tragedy is almost trenchant, so unfailing is its restraint. But it is a tragedy which she goes far to body in a new way, so that it carries a content as arresting as if we were to find it, three thousand years old, in a tomb; the tomb of one, "pent in a sable face", who had not only exquisite sensibility but a denied passion for union with humanity.

All my being broods to break
This death-grip from my soul.

—Zona Gale in the *Literary Digest Book Review.*

* * *

We have the fourth number of Lightbourn's Annual and Commercial Directory of the Virgin Islands of the United States. It is a little book of 200 pages and is full of information.

LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE

PARIS *Temps* says editorially according to a translation published in the *New York Times*:

We have nothing to do with the attitude which prevails in America among her citi-

zens. That is not our business. But this is France, and with us the color line is totally unknown. Our forefathers didn't write the *Declaration des Droits de l'Homme* (declaration of the rights of man) for us to forget its letter and its spirit.

Besides, our lack of all discrimination against colored men is not inspired alone by doctrine. We are sincere about it. The blacks, with whom we come in contact, come from the French colonies. Whatever their status—citizens, subjects, or protegés—they are our compatriots, and we treat them as such. How could it be otherwise when so many of them fought by our side to save France?

That small number of our American visitors who forget that the French Republic makes no differentiation among the inhabitants of its immense Empire, whatever their race or color of their skin, will, we hope, regard our black citizens as good as the rest of us. They will not forget that their country also accepted the services of black men in time of need.

We promise in return that when we are in the United States we will obey the dry law which American legislation has imposed on every one. And we expect our visitors to obey our rule, which proceeds not from law but from our character and customs, in virtue of which all Frenchmen form one grand family, from which none of them is disinherited.

AN INSURANCE COMPANY

A CORRESPONDENT writes us:

Twenty-five years ago the National Benefit Life Insurance Company was organized by Mr. S. W. Rutherford, who came to the National Capitol from Lynchburg, Virginia. His cash capital was $6.00 but he was possessed with untiring energy and faith. He gathered around himself a few loyal supporters, and then hustled out after business. His office furniture consisted of a table and a chair. His salary was $35 the month, and he had to earn it by selling policies and collecting premiums, which he did by pedalling his way around the city on an old bicycle.

But from that tiny beginning The National Benefit Life Insurance Company, owned, officered and conducted entirely by colored people, has grown into the large and commanding position which it occupies today, with an unbroken record of twenty-five annual dividends paid to stockholders, with 125,000 benefited policyholders, and $20,000,000 of insurance in force. Its assets are $750,000, including several valuable real estate properties in the District of Columbia and four states; a reserve fund of $465,592, a surplus of $100,000, and it has on deposit $236,000 for the protection of policyholders.

The National Benefit Life Insurance Company is now doing business in the District of Columbia and in the states of New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and within a short time will office and establish an administrative force in the states of Tennessee, Kansas, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Missouri. As soon as the present stock issue has been sold, application will be made for license to do business in the states of Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois, Alabama and Nebraska. The laws of some of the latter states require a capitalization of not less than $200,000 before license will be granted to do the several kinds of business now written by the company.

The company is located in its own five-story building at 609 F Street, N.W.—where 25 years ago young Rutherford had his table and chair and paid $6 the month rent as a tenant, and which is now only one of the properties owned by the company. To carry on its present business the company has a force of 1,200 employees, 110 district managers and assistants, 40 local agents and 950 field agents.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST

JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY in the illustrated magazine of the Los Angeles *Times*:

A few nights ago we went down to the roaring town and had an opportunity to observe at close range a thing that has deeply interested us as a vague onlooker for many a day. And the way it came about was that on a Sunday afternoon a party of Negro men and women—old friends of ours—appeared at San Gabriel to witness the Mission Play. And in the party was a stranger. And we were introduced to him. And it turned out that he was Burghardt Du Bois.

Now, if there was one man in the world more than another that we had been longing to see, that man was Burghardt Du Bois. And here he was at last, sure enough. A quiet, dusky man. Somewhat diffident, he seemed to us. A man thinking too deeply to be fully happy.

Years ago we had been thrilled inexpressibly by his amazing book, "The Souls of Black Folk." A book that we had read through blinding tears. The finest book we had ever read as to literary style and pure expression. A book of such deep and bitter protest that it left us weak and shamed at every burning word it uttered.

So, our old friends said, "Conductor, come down to the roaring town tomorrow night and hear Du Bois speak". And that's how we came to go.

And there was a great auditorium in the roaring town filled with dusky faces, that night. And a lithe young woman, dark as Egypt, mounted a platform and led a chorus of singers in an amazing flood of melody. A song by a great composer, rendered with perfect technique made glorious by soft, velvety Negro voices. And a young fellow, black as ebony itself, stood before that vast throng and played music on a violin such as

we have not heard since one night, years and years ago in a far place, we heard Edouard Remenyi play. And there on the platform was a Negro lawyer and a Negro priest. And, sitting between them, was Burghardt Du Bois.

For an hour and more we listened enrapt, as in a dream, to what he had to say. He spoke as a scholar, which he is. The universities of two continents have given him all they have to give. He stood before me with the easy grace of the savant, and the calm decision of a man of the world wholly sure of himself. And if it had been that we had ever drawn a line between us and a black man—which, thank God, we have never done—that line would have faded and disappeared in that hour when the voice of Burghardt Du Bois was in our ears.

And yet the thing was strangely anomalous. For, although Du Bois is not now the same bitter soul that flamed out in blazing anathemas in "The Souls of Black Folk" against the unspeakable wrong and injustices done his race, he is still a protestant. But his protest is tempered with an unmistakable sense of the ability of the colored races of the world to successfully withstand and oppose any future onslaughts that may be made upon them.

There is a widely read book called "The Rising Tide of Color" in which, we are told, the author prophesies a time, not long in coming, when the colored races of the world —Negroes, Hindus, Asiatics and all—will overwhelm and subjugate the white race.

It is, of course, a silly book. There is no danger that the white race will be overwhelmed and subjugated.

And, listening to Burghardt Du Bois the other night in the roaring town, as he spoke to that vast concourse of his people, we were easily convinced that the Negro, for one, has no desire to overwhelm and subjugate the white race.

What the Negro asks, and what he demands, is to be left free and untrammeled to work out his own destiny. To be treated with the same fairness that other men are treated. Not to be economic chattel and a thing forever exploited by the greed of wealth and commercial lust.

And, as to the rest, let him alone. He offers to look out for himself, which he is able and willing to do.

And the impressive thing of it all is that a time has come when the Negro can make these demands stick—the American Negro who only sixty years ago had the shackles of slavery upon him, and was bought and sold in the mart as cattle are bought and sold today.

IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

THE *Daily Gleaner* of Kingston, Jamaica, has a long editorial on Marcus Garvey which we quote in part:

The trial lasted for over one month and every opportunity was given the head of the U. N. I. A. to clear himself of the accusations made against him. Indeed, so tolerant was the Court towards Garvey, that he was allowed to take his defence out of the hands of his lawyer and to ask witnesses questions which a legal man would not have been allowed to put to them. No question can therefore be raised as to the fairness shown in the conduct of the proceedings against the accused. This conviction, in our opinion, sounds the death knell, of Garveyism.

The end of the trial of this man who has been declared by a number of American citizens to be an unblushing imposter must be of great interest in this island, from the fact that Garvey is a Jamaican and that there are hundreds of people here who own shares in the Black Star Corporation. Of course any person of normal intelligence who listened to Garvey when he was in Jamaica advertising the Black Star Line would have known that the project was foredoomed to failure. But the person of normal intelligence in nearly every portion of the globe is the exception—a man of common sense is not a common man, and in this connection we might recollect what Carlyle wrote about the majority of those whom God has made. Simple people at all times and in every clime have served as the dupes of knaves. And so many of those who crowded the Ward Theatre and drank in the eloquent promises made by Marcus, left the building and went to the Savings Bank, drew their hard-earned cash and invested in Black Star stock. It was in vain that these people were told by men to whom they had been accustomed to look as leaders, that they were being deceived, and that their money would in the end be used only for providing Garvey and his favorites with a comfortable living. Garvey knew his enemies. He cried until he was hoarse in denunciation of such opponents. They were held out to be the enemies of the people, while he set himself up on high as the Moses who would lead the Black Race from the Land of Egypt, namely, Jamaica to the Promised Land, even Africa.

We daresay there will still be found followers of Garvey in Jamaica, who will look upon this transparent charlatan as a martyr. We can only hope that one day even they will realize that Garvey has not shown himself to be of the stuff of which martyrs are made. Garvey is no more a martyr than Horatio Bottomley was a martyr. Martyrs do not fare sumptuously out of the plunder of the poor. They do not seek to obtain material reward for their efforts towards uplifting their fellow creatures. . . .

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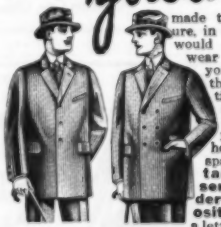

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